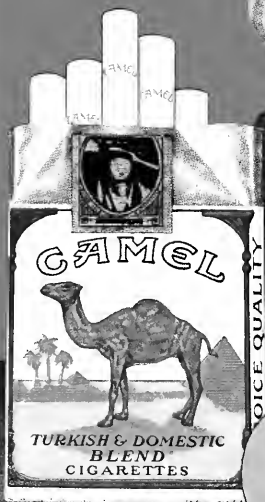


FALL 49

CORADDI



*So Mild-
and they
Taste
so good!*



Camels

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ART

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WOMAN'S COLLEGE *of the* UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
Greensboro, N. C.

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Barbara Stungton

Blues, Burl Ives, and a Zither

By ELLEN METZ AND MARY ELLIOTT

CURRENTLY in New York night clubs, Susan Reed with her zither and her folk songs is captivating sophisticated audiences. Burl Ives sings ballads to filled houses at Town Hall. Josh White, Negro folk singer, is a starred attraction at Cafe Society. At the same time, the Library of Congress is, in fevered haste, recording indigenous American folk music before it disappears entirely from our culture. These two trends seem contradictory. Actually they are but two facets of the same thing.

There is, or more accurately, there *has been* a genuine American folk music. Without over-generalizing, it may be said that these folk songs are largely derivative, that the original melodies were transplanted from the British Isles to our east coast. From there, the same basic songs drifted westward onto the plains and became cowboy ballads. As is the nature of a real folk music, these old world versions, influenced by new situations and environment, and subject to word of mouth transcription, evolved continually. These changes were linguistic and melodic and often embodied a complete change in outlook. For example, the familiar "If I had a ribbon bow," native to the North Carolina mountains, is English in origin but it contains heterogeneous wordage indicative of its history. The obviously American terms like "furriner" and "Saturday night" are in the same lines with a reference to red heels that hints perhaps of masquerade balls in London's Vauxhall. Also the "turtle dove" flies through at least half a dozen songs, all of them bearing a distant-cousin-like relationship to one another. From a technical standpoint, adapted tunes may vary considerably. As an illustration, it is interesting to observe that *Barbara Allen*, a prototype of an English ballad, is commonly sung in a minor key in America whereas its English "ancestry" was major.

This change of key can possibly be explained as a part of a general difference of mood between the English ballads and their American counterparts. A general rollicking tone is, for example, apparent in many English folk songs. "Old Woman" will serve as an adequate illustration. It is the story of a wife who tries to blind her aged husband. She wants to drown him to get completely rid of him—a tragic story but dealt with lightly. In the end the woman herself falls into the sea and the ballad ends with a bit of burlesque:

"The old man stepped aside
and she went in instead.
'Oh husband dear come save me'
And the old man said
'I am so blind I can't see you at all!'"

Allan Lomax has said, on the other hand that the American folk song is the loneliest music on earth.

Lonesomeness is certainly the defining mode of our songs, most of which are in minor keys, the key of D predominating in actual performance. It is easy to understand this, since they are the product, for the most, of an expanding, pioneer society in which loneliness was an integral part of experience, and memories of old world culture combined with physical isolation to produce the characteristic motif:

"I wonder, as I wander
Out under the sky."

The handling of love in English and American ballads differs widely, also. For the English, apparently, romantic love is a perennial subject, but it is a subject which can be isolated and treated with a certain wistful attitude. Love, for the English, is a source of gentle folk platitudes. For example:

"Love is bonny, for a little while,
But love grows old and blows cold
And fades away like evening dew."

Love, for the American, is a matter not to be dissociated from the general quality of loneliness and immenseness, as is demonstrated quite clearly by the plaintive "On Top of Old Smoky" which combines a wonder at the bigness of the mountain with the loss of a forsaken lover. This association is further illustrated by the following lines from "I'm sad and I'm lonely":

"Told her more lies
Than the cross-ties on a railroad."

And the forsaken lover continues that she wants her cabin: where

"The blackbirds can't find me
Or hear my sad cry."

This loneliness-love theme obviously is the intellectual root of American blues, a native motif, usually ascribed to the Negro idiom, which pervades much of our folk music. The blues, the music of the insecure, is also the music of violent and bitter love of an animal sort. This primitive, animalistic love, utterly lacking in English ballads, is inherent in such original American folk songs as "Frankie and Johnnie."

The above analysis makes it quite clear what a folk music is. It is, in brief, the musical expression of the emotions of a people based on their cultural heritage and influenced by their immediate environment and mores. And the above definition makes it equally clear that the "revival" of American folk music referred to earlier belies itself. Folk music has not been revived by either the night club singers or by the Library of Congress. It has, rather, been labeled quaint and put on exhibition. A speaking acquaintance-

ance with folk ballads has recently become a stylish accessory to flaunt on proper occasion. It is, in short, fast becoming a pseudo-intellectual fad.

This night-club revival has, or did have some importance. It at least acquaints the public, which is strangely ignorant of their own folk heritage, with some of the techniques of folk singing. John Jacob Niles, Richard Dyer Bennet, and to some extent, Burl Ives sing in a high, almost falsetto range, quite typical of native folk music. Similarly the zither and the Irish harp used by Susan Reed, and the dulcimer of John Jacob Niles give a reality to the ballads learned from them. Originally most of the above folk artists and others were close to the roots of the American musical folk heritage, coming from isolated regions which are the rapidly vanishing sources of our native song. But the original compositions of most of these same artists bode ill for their art. They are at best imitative, and at worst totally artificial and impersonal.

It is this artificiality that saps the life, the *raison d'être* from folk music. For instance, "John Henry and his steel hammer" come straight from the era of railroad building and "My good ole man" was an excellent dialogue-ballad to get a simple country party started. In music, as in any other cultural element, the present is the result of the past. These songs and

many others come directly out of our own background, and proving this heritage adds to the fun of singing them. Unfortunately, it has been aptly said that a conventional folk music is a past phenomenon in this the age of the American spectator, wherein participation is passé and almost taboo. Although our present culture may forbid the active creation of additional folk ballads, it is quite possible to participate in the backlog that we have gathered so far. The ballads of the past came to be, because and only because they had deep personal meaning, and because that meaning could be expressed best with song, because people simply like to sing. These same ballads have lost none of their personal significance and people still, if they would admit it, like to sing. Even the night club balladeers themselves admit that their stock in trade is superficial. Josh White once commented, after a song-party with a group of students that "this sort of thing is singing. What I do at Cafe Society is work."

Removed from their original context, perhaps lamentably, the fate of the American folk ballad remains a superficiality to a certain extent. A revival, however, could be much more spontaneous and much more real than the current one. And spontaneity and reality form the life-blood of the folk song.

Energy Colors

By JEAN FARLEY

A sharp-winged swallow folded in toward shore
and wheeled the reeds to swing out reaping
an insect inch above the water floor.
And this might be—flames in a field
of corn almost all dried for heaping
after the slivers of brush fire had peeled
from weeds to slice into stalks at the knee
—the yellows, reds and greens of energy.

'One bright day in the middle of the night
two dead men got up to fight.
Back to back they faced each other,
drew their swords and shot each other.'
And this might be—the rattle-tailed,
trapped-mouse movements of wrists at night,
circulating on grey nail-threads
which first have tangled through the head.

A bird would think wings worse than walking
if all of the winds were dead,
and wrists will be strung on the twisting string
when the head can glean no yellow, green or red.

Prelude and Finale

By CATHARINE QUICK

SUSAN walked home slowly. The late afternoon sun brightened the fall leaves strewn on the ground. She kicked her dusty shoes through the piles of dead leaves and smiled at her childishness. At eighteen she should be too old for such things. She had walked this way from Grandfather's ever since she could remember, in the heat of summer, through the dead leaves of fall, the thick snows of winter, and the soft spring. Grandfather had been giving her piano lessons for twelve years; now she had a lesson every day and was his only pupil. He was preparing her to play for Rodman, hoping the great pianist would take Susan into his house to study with him. That was all Susan had heard for twelve years.

She walked as she did every day, carrying a folder of music that was torn and dirty, mended many times with scotch tape. When she came to the park she sat down on a bench with a sigh and stretched her legs out in front of her. A bird hopped toward her through the leaves, and she stared at it without really seeing. "Next week," she was thinking, "I'll play for Rodman. What if he takes me?" She looked at the little park. "I won't be able to sit in the park anymore. I'll have to practice all day—and I won't even be here, I'll be in New York." New York, cold and unfriendly, with so many people who didn't care anything about you, and you didn't care at all about them. The buildings shut you up like a cage, you could only see a space of sky if you looked straight up. And the people who would hear her play wouldn't care whether she were a success or not. She'd play badly for Rodman. No, she couldn't. She put that thought out of her head and got up from the bench. It was getting dark, and the wind blew cold as she hurried home. A few pale stars were appearing and she wished on one. "I wish—I wish that I will play well for Rodman."

Her mother was in the kitchen, getting dinner, and the smell of cooking chili sauce met Susan. Her mother looked around and smiled at her only child. As Susan bent over to kiss her, Mother said, "What a tall daughter I have."

"It's just because you're so small." Susan laughed at her small round mother who couldn't quite understand how her daughter could be so tall.

"O dear, Susan, I invited some people over for tonight, then started making chili sauce and just about forgot dinner. The company will be here before I'm ready."

"What company?"

"Just some people over to play bridge. I thought you might like to play a little for them."

"Mother, you know how I hate to."

"Susan, they love to hear you . . ."

"Oh they do—a lot of polite people who come up and say, 'Oh my dear, you do play so beautifully! I just know you'll be famous some day.' What makes them think so? They don't know anything about it."

"Susan, it'll be good practice for you."

"I don't ever want to play for anybody but myself, and then only when I feel like it!" Seeing her mother's hurt look Susan hastily said, "Oh, all right, I'll play. I suppose they'll want me to play 'Clair de Lune' and the 'Moonlight Sonata.'"

And she had to play, and the company asked for "Clair de Lune" and the "Moonlight Sonata," and they very politely applauded her and said, my, she has such great talent. Susan hated them. When they had gone she sat alone at the piano, just staring at the keys. She played a Chopin nocturne gently, feeling each key go down under her fingers. How much more beautiful the music was when there was no one there to listen.

~

The next week came slowly. Susan practiced every day, all day, with time out for meals and sleep. Grandfather came to her house now; early in the morning Susan saw his tall figure topped by thin white hair coming down the street and into the house. Sometimes he would interrupt the lesson to tell her about Rodman; Grandfather knew all the important musicians. Grandfather had met Rodman while they were studying with another great musician. Susan wondered why Grandfather had never become a concert pianist; she knew he wanted her to because he hadn't, but he never said why he had stopped. He spoke only of Rodman.

"He's a wonderful man, Susan, the greatest pianist alive. Don't be surprised that he doesn't look much like a musician—he's really rather insignificant looking."

Susan listened to Grandfather's stories of Rodman and wondered what it would be like to live with him, really know him personally. From what Grandfather said of him he sounded easy to like and to get along with. But no sooner had Grandfather finished a story than he would say, "All right now, it's time to get back to the music. You must be perfect for Rodman." Grandfather would look at her searchingly a long time. And Susan would say "Okay, Grandfather, I'll be perfect," and she'd smile at him.

"Start on the Bach fugue where we left off yesterday."

Susan sighed. She opened the music and stared at the blur of notes. Her eyes felt as if they would never focus on anything again.

"My dear child, the first note is A natural. Please begin."

She began and played two measures until Grandfather banged a fist on the piano. "Just where do you think you're pedalling? And the last measure is marked *Retenuto*. Try again." Susan fought against her tears. She leaned her head against the keyboard and swallowed hard. She felt Grandfather's hand on her shoulder.

"I'm sorry. But you'll have to get used to criticism and hard work if you want to be a pianist. You—" his voice was a little timid, "You do want to, don't you?" She looked at him quickly.

"It's just that I'm so tired, Grandfather. And I really don't like to play for people."

"Ah, but you'll get used to all that."

She nodded. "I guess so."

"Susan, you will be great, famous." He laughed and hugged her. "Now go on and practice for a little while, then sleep or do what you want. Tomorrow's the day." Susan felt her mouth stretch in a stiff smile, and she watched him go out of the room. "Oh Grandfather, I won't disappoint you. I can't." She pressed her eyelids to keep the tears from trickling down her face. Some tears dropped on the white keys and she wiped them off. The keys were so white, and black, so definite.

~

The day came, rainy and cold. The dead leaves lay matted and dirty in the puddles of mud and rain. Susan's mother and Grandfather talked brightly as they drove into New York, glancing anxiously at Susan who sat silent, staring out at the flat Jersey meadows. Here and there a stream of smoke poured upwards into the mist that lay heavy over the long grass. In between the grasses little streams of muddy water wound, almost onto the highway. Then they were riding on the long highway bridge down to the Lincoln Tunnel, and into the echoing tiled tube. As always, Susan felt afraid of the rushing noise, the long tunnel with the policemen standing at intervals along the side, like statues. She relaxed as the car rolled into the streets of New York, and headed uptown along the river, finally stopping at an old brown stone house looking over the gray Hudson.

"Well, here we are." Grandfather opened the car door and helped them out. He rang the bell, and they waited, hearing steps coming down the hall. The door opened, and a tall, heavy-built woman stood there, trying to see in the rain who it was outside.

"Oh, Mr. Kenton, it's you. I couldn't recognize you. Come right in, he's expecting you."

Grandfather motioned Susan in the door.

"Mrs. Fairlee, this is my granddaughter, Susan, and her mother, Mrs. Kenton. Is he in the music room?"

"How do you do? I'm Mr. Rodman's housekeeper. Yes, go right on in."

As they walked down the hall Susan stared curiously around her. Under her feet she could feel thick Oriental carpeting. On the dark panelled walls hung faded tapestries, and worn paintings. Grandfather opened a door at the end of the hall, and at first all Susan could see were two grand pianos, facing each other. Then a man rose and came toward them, stretching out his hand eagerly to Grandfather.

"Ah, John, it's good to see you. And this must be Mrs. Kenton and Susan. Come and sit down." He smiled at them, and Susan could feel his eyes appraising her, measuring her. She sat down rather uncertainly on a straight-backed chair, and carefully crossed her ankles.

"Mrs. Fairlee will bring us a little tea in a few minutes. Well Susan, what are you going to play for me?"

"Uh . . . well, I thought I'd play two Bach inventions and Beethoven's 'Pathetique.'"

"Very good. Would you like to begin now?"

Susan hesitated, wondering which piano to play.

"Take either one you like."

She sat down at one with her back to the audience of three. Somehow for Rodman, she didn't mind playing, and Mother and Grandfather didn't matter.

All that mattered now was the piano. She played a chord softly, then settled herself on the bench, and played the Bach inventions. Without pausing to look at them, she swept into Beethoven. It seemed to her that she had never played so well before. The first movement was masterful, strong and sure; the scherzo was light and easy, the concluding movement triumphant. As she brought her hands down on the last chord, she was strong and sure.

Slowly, she came back to the room. She looked up uncertainly from the keys, scarcely daring to look at Rodman. Had she played well enough? She pressed her hands tightly together. Why didn't he say something—yes or no, just anything? Susan heard Mother move restlessly, and clear her throat. She saw Grandfather looking at Rodman. Finally Rodman rose and came toward Susan.

"Yes, I think you've done well by her, John. Very well indeed." He came to the piano and helped Susan up. Smiling at her, he said, "Well done, Susan. I think we can consider you my pupil."

It was done, he liked her. She heard her mother's



Wendy Ward

high excited voice thanking the pianist, so proud of her daughter.

"But . . ." she stopped. They looked at her questioningly.

"But what?" Rodman asked.

Susan saw Grandfather, his face proud and happy, tears in his eyes. "Nothing, nothing at all, sir."



The days passed by, unnoticed and uncounted. Months slipped past, winter into spring, spring into summer, each season in its time, and each was the same. Summer or winter the city remained the same, unfriendly and unyielding. The trees along the river bloomed, and it was hot and people walked their dogs along the paths and sat on the stone benches watching the river. The leaves fell, the snow came. Heavily clothed people walked their dogs, seeing the ice on the river. Susan saw it all from her window.

Inside the old brownstone house were the two pianos, the centers of life. Day after day, Susan played and studied. Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Scarlatti, she could not name them all anymore. Music. The house was never free of music. It echoed from the walls at night after she had gone to bed. It sang in her head, an unending stream of notes. All was the same.

From ten to twelve in the morning Rodman was with her, from one until six she practiced. She soon realized that even though he did not look like a pianist, with his bald head and round nose, he had all the temperament necessary. He was patient with her up to a point, then his temper would break loose in a steady stream of biting words. Afterwards he would be apologetic and ask her to forgive an old man. She grew used to harsh criticisms as Grandfather had said she would. But still she trembled when he snatched the music from the piano and threw it on the floor, and shouted, "Stop playing as if Susan Kenton had written the music! Play it the way it's written!"

Her fingers would grow tense with shame, and then she couldn't play. The criticism didn't hurt her; it made her angry at herself for being stupid. Sometimes she felt like screaming back at him, but in another minute she knew he would be good-humored, begging her to continue playing, patting her head contritely. She was knowing more about his moods and ways, and loved him for the sympathy which came after each outburst.

"It's not easy to be a pianist, is it, Susan? And live with a great musician?" His eyes laughed and were kind. He knew he was great; how could he help it? He always said it very matter-of-factly, never condescendingly or proudly.

Often he sat down at the other piano, and they played together. He gave her two-hand arrangement he had done; he thought it great fun to "play" this way, as he called it, "the young and old." At night they frequently went to concerts, or private recitals, where she met the great artists. Most of them, she found, were wonderful people, but none of them had

very much interest in the shy dark girl. She had to sit quietly, while they talked music, often in foreign languages so fast that she couldn't understand them. They all laughed loudly at their stories and Susan smiled politely at the teller.

On the night of her twenty-first birthday, when they were eating dinner at home, Rodman said, "I've fixed up a little surprise for you tonight, Susan. Some people are coming for a visit, and I've picked out a few things for you to play—sort of an informal recital."

She stared at him. "A recital? How many people are coming?"

"Oh, about fifty."

"Fifty! Oh, no, I can't."

"What do you mean, you can't? What do you think a pianist does? Do you think he studies and studies, just to play for himself?" He got up angrily and lit a cigarette.

"No, but . . ."

"Oh my God, after all this time you say 'But' 'But'! There's nothing to say 'but' about, and that's final."

Susan carefully arranged her knife and fork on the plate. "Yes sir."

Rodman muttered to himself. "It's unthinkable, it's insane."

She fought hard to keep from shouting, "No, I won't play. I'll never play for anyone, no one, do you hear?" But instead she left the room, and climbed the staircase to her room. I'll play miserably and everything wrong. I'll disgrace him so he won't ever make me play again. The tears ran down her face and were salty in her mouth. "You know you'll play everything just right, just perfect. You haven't even got courage enough to disgrace yourself," she mocked.



That night was just the first of many times that Rodman invited a "few friends" in to hear her play. She heard faces complimenting her, congratulating Rodman on his protégée. She shook hand after hand, saw Rodman beaming with pride. Grandfather came often and his eyes would get tearful when he saw her. He was getting old, and Susan wished she could make her debut before he died, but Rodman seemed perfectly satisfied to keep her practicing. But perhaps he realized how old Grandfather was getting, for about a year after her first recital he came into the music room when she was practicing and interrupted her in the middle of a difficult Czerny exercise.

"I have it all arranged, everything's set."

"Set for what?"

"Your debut, of course. What else?"

"Oh, my debut."

"For heaven's sake, be a little more enthusiastic. You're not still thinking you can't play, are you?"

"No sir."

"All right, then. It's next month in Town Hall. Now, we'll plan your program. Naturally, Bach, and

Beethoven's "Apassionata," perhaps some Chopin Ballades, the Haydn sonata you've been working on."

Susan thought, "We'll plan your program. Yes, we will." He was writing it down on some paper. "I'll just call at Town Hall and give them the program." He hurried out of the room, his mind busy with a thousand details.

Susan went out of the house and slowly walked along the path above the river. Thoughts whirled through her head, and she didn't see anything which moved around her. So, it was come at last, the big moment, her triumph was here at last. She picked a stone up from the path and numbly held it, then released it, watching it fall to the ground and settle back in the gravel.



The applause mounted higher and higher, everyone was shouting her name, shouting bravo! She was still sitting at the piano—then she was nowhere. She couldn't find herself. Susan dragged herself to an awakening. She lay in bed, trembling. She tried to move, but it was as if she were tied to the bed. "I can't do it!" her mind cried. "It's my life. Leave me alone. I can't." Nothing answered her. She watched the dawn coming, the room getting lighter. "Tonight," she whispered. "Tonight I'll do it." She thought of the dream. "I can do it, I will. Grandfather will be so proud, so will Mother and Rodman."

The day went so slowly. She wandered aimlessly around, going into the music room, and then just staring at the piano. The keys were so black and white. She felt Rodman watching her, and she was more afraid. He seemed puzzled and worried. About her? He spoke to her suddenly. "You will be good, Susan. I've worked so hard with you, at first for your Grandfather's sake, then for your own. Your Grandfather," he hesitated, "Your Grandfather made his decision and regretted . . . well, you will be good."

Susan left the house, and walked through the city streets a long time. They were crowded and hurrying. Nothing was quiet; horns blared at each other, and children shrieked up and down the pavement. Susan felt lost in the crowds; people knocked against her, and shoved her. She thought, "This is what my life will be. Never quiet." She walked down to the park, into the calm greenness. A few pigeons waddled up to her, looking for a handout, a squirrel chattered at her, annoyed at having his peace disturbed. She sat on a park bench. The sun was going down behind the tall buildings before she went back to the brown-stone house.

Susan stood in the wings, waiting for the stage manager to signal her on to the stage. She smoothed down the folds of the new blue taffeta dress, then she clasped her hands tightly together. Rodman was

beside her, smoking a cigarette in nervous puffs. The manager nodded to her, and she walked slowly out on to the center of the stage. A light applause met her, and she paused by the piano, frightened. The spotlight picked out her form, and pinioned it to the backdrop. In front of her were people, all the colors blended in her eyes to gray. She turned her head to the wings, Rodman motioned to her to sit down at the piano and then there was no escaping from it. The piano bench felt hard and unfriendly, she could not think what to do, what to play. What was she doing there, in front of all these people who didn't know her, much less even think about her as a person? She thought about it as she raised her hands over the keys, and held them there, a minute, unsure, then brought them down as memory flowed through her. As she played, she was numb, her brain thought of nothing, the music was merely something that was a habit, a practiced, automatic reaction. The music went on and on, it seemed as if she would never be finished with it. It was perfect, she knew, the perfect result of months of practice. Finally, the first piece was finished, and she was standing, bowing to the applause. Then, suddenly, her mind was very clear, and she was thinking calmly, "Yes, they like that, it means nothing to them. All they know is that it's good, and that I'm remarkable for my age." She smiled as she turned back to the piano. She felt a sense of being above the clapping audience, a superiority by which she knew she was their master, that she could do what none of them, except Rodman, could do.

A rebellious feeling came over her, then, and she thought, "Why should I do this? Why should I bother to please them? Tomorrow my playing will just be a memory to them. They'll think, 'That certainly was a brilliant girl that we heard last night.' Then they'll go right on with living, maybe once in a while thinking about the girl they once heard. And yet, to me, it will be everything, my whole life and I will never forget it, even after many concerts. I can't share anything with them, none of my love and joy in this music. I don't want to, it's my own feeling, my personal sense of beauty, and they can't understand it. Let them learn to play; no, they're too lazy, they want to take what other people have. If it's bad, they'll criticize it, but they will take it anyway. If it's good, they'll take it and ruin it. What's the use?"

She ended the second selection, and heard the applause mount higher and higher. As if she were asleep, she rose and bowed, smiled. "Oh, they all like me, they are my friends now. What if I had not played well? None of them would be my friends. They would have taken my whole life and smashed it on the stage in front of me. But I am good." The thoughts ran wildly through her mind, and she almost forgot that she was supposed to be performing—performing, that was it. Like a trained monkey, in a zoo, something to watch and wonder at, and never think about. And what is the next piece to play? They are all look-

(Continued on Page 24)

Book Review

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS: *Selected Poems*

With an introduction by Randall Jarrell.
New Directions. 1949.

William Carlos Williams is a highly objective poet. Yet his is an objectivity which is peculiarly personal to him, and in which his personality is very active. In his poetry there is a great wealth of people and plants and animals and objects, all of which have a curiously dynamic relationship with each other, and with the poet. Everything is continually working into, around and over everything else, and the intellectual, moral, and emotional aspects of the poet are an integral part of this chain reaction. It is for this reason, perhaps more than any other, that Williams' objectivity is so completely necessary, for without it, the interworking precision would be gone. Take a selection from the poem, *Death*:

He's dead

the dog won't have to
sleep on his potatoes
any more to keep them
from freezing

.....

He's sick-dead

he's
a godforsaken curio
without
any breath in it

He's nothing at all
he's dead

Shrunken up to skin . . .

Certainly the poet is there with the dead man—if not closer—yet he is not dwelt upon until he intrudes, and the dog does not intrude, and the corpse does not intrude (beyond its necessarily central position), but they all go together to produce the clockwork of the poem.

Clockwork is perhaps too cold a word to apply, for there is a definite warmth and sympathy in all of Williams' poetry. There is also a wonderful humor in some of the poems, at times manifesting itself in a delightful sally (. . . and Spring/ they say/ Spring is icummen in—) or at other times being a continuous undertone. But it is always humor rather than wit—close and sympathetic, not cold and removed.

At times, however, these special qualities are either insufficient or lacking. *Impromptu: The Suckers*, is full of energy, liberal social morality, and the "hard facts"—all of which are fine (and usually

found, along with other things, in Williams' poetry), but in this case they don't make a fine poem.

The Yachts has a theme which is at least contiguous to that of the last mentioned poem, but there is little further similarity. For *The Yachts* is an excellent example of what could be called "located and pared" imagism (as opposed to the "pure" imagism of, say, H.D., who presents an object—tree, bridge, etc.—in great detail, and then does little else with it). The image here is not left to skitter in a vacuum; it is anchored to and located by other things in the poet's scheme of consciousness. And just as the image itself is controlled, so the details of the image (although thoroughly explored) are pared to fit into and clarify the relationship between image and idea. There are some short poems in this selection (e.g., *Fine Work with Pitch and Copper*, *The Lily*, and *Young Sycamore*) which are little more than expert imagist fragments, but more often the images are located ones.

Williams often makes use of a short line, free verse "form." Sometimes he does this in a rather obvious and even visual (i.e., patternizing the lines on the page) way, as would seem to be the case in *Rain*. Usually, however, he has an excellent feeling for the emphasis subtleties of the short line. A stanza from *To a Poor Old Woman* (munching plums) gives an extremely simple example of this:

They taste good to her
They taste good
to her. They taste
good to her

This may appear slightly ridiculous out of context, but the thing to notice is that the changing position of the end line pause makes the emphasis fall on a different word each time the sentence is repeated, thus giving a definite feeling that the sentence itself is being savoured. This is only one example of the many ways in which Williams uses the free verse "forms" to point up the meaning and feeling of his poetry.

This volume has an excellent introduction by Mr. Jarrell, one which not only analyzes the varied and distinctive qualities of Williams' poetry, but which discusses his work in terms of some of the major strengths and weaknesses of modern poetry. In addition (and in concluding) it should be said that the selecting has been well done, not only because of the high quality of many of the poems included, but also because of the diversity shown. For Williams has experimented a great deal, and this selection contains many of the best results of those experiments.

JEAN FARLEY

Ribbons

By MARY ELLIOTT

I

WHEN Emily had the time, she liked to prolong waking up as long as possible. It gave her a sense of elegance to live in bed, half dreaming, half awake. From habit, then, she wound catlike in the covers until she remembered that today was the first of October. Emily always looked forward to things and allowed herself to get excited. She was also bored with having nothing to do. Nobody even went to the beach in late September. Consequently, she had devoted a good deal of previous, expectory thought to the new school that she was going to today.

Emily had never minded school. In fact, she loved some of it, but she was glad that she wasn't going to the large, ugly building that the other kids had gone to three weeks before. An underneathness of snobbery that went with being from an old Virginia family made her take particular satisfaction in going to Heaton's. Heaton's was a little doll-like house that was really a private school. Emily would go in the eighth grade.

Emily had talked herself into believing that this school was special and very wonderful. Why, once last year, she had passed the school and had noticed some of the girls playing tennis on the nearby court. The kids watching had looked cool and pretty and the ploit of the ball as it hit the racquet didn't sound anything like the customary volley ball. It had sounded like summer and lemonade. Emily knew that she was exaggerating, but it was fun.

For a minute or two, Emily lay in bed, appreciating the fact that she was really going to Heaton's—not next week or even tomorrow, but definitely today. She remembered her feelings as she had lolled in the tub last night. The water had been as warm as a blanket, only nicer because she had been in it instead of it being around her, and she had thought that the night before was as good as the actual day, but decided that she had been mistaken. She looked at her clothes lying on the chair. She usually didn't bother, but last night she had arranged her blouse and skirt precisely. Even her shoes had been placed together. They looked settled and patient and a little superior. She had better get up; if she took any longer, she might be late.

She looked into the mirror sleepily. When she was little, she had hoped that the Irish leprechaun would have made her hair blonde and curly and her teeth straight. Looking at her face now, she was still convinced that being brown and serious had no compensations whatsoever. "Emily's so thin, you know how thirteen-year-olds are. They all have that scooped out look." Emily wondered if she would ever forget her aunt saying that right in front of her, or her

mortification at hearing Bud who lived up the block say that her legs looked like tooth picks. Just now, she scowled at her neck bones and thought briefly about Jane who was proud of having her first brassiere. Emily cautiously poked her own chest and then realizing that she was being silly, she began to get dressed and her thrill on waking up came back all over again.

She couldn't eat any breakfast. It stuck in her throat and for a minute, she was afraid she was going to be sick and wouldn't be able to go after all. Thank heaven her mother seemed to understand, because she only said, "Well, drink your milk."

Emily arrived exactly when she had planned to—not early and not late. Her heart was thudding so loudly that she was sure that her blouse showed it. When she saw a group of girls standing on the steps, she knew that she didn't know what to say. She swallowed. The girls looked at her coolly as she passed and one of them gave Emily a spoiled, supercilious stare. Everybody snickered when someone said quite audibly, "New."

Emily walked for the first time through the tiny doll's house door holding herself very straight. Her face was hot and splotchy. There were girls everywhere—standing in groups and talking familiarly or else standing alone and looking big eyed. One of the big eyed ones said to Emily, "I didn't want to come, but Mummer made me. She says we gotta work." Emily walked away carefully. She pretended to get a drink at the water cooler because several nice looking girls were there, but they were telling a dirty story and said that she was too little to listen. Whenever people said that, she always felt as little as they said. If she heard the whole thing, she either didn't get the point, or if she did, it wasn't funny.

With a harsh buzzer-bell, the school year started and every one was waved into assembly. There were a good many brisk and efficient speeches all quoting a good many rules. Students must do this, must not do that and be on time for everything. There were titterings and Miss Heaton, already looking harried and cross kept saying hush-*sh*. Emily was so hot that she was surer than ever that she was going to be sick. There was not even the passing out of books that she was used to on the first day. She had loved getting the books, she would smell them and think about them dreamily. Official book lists were handed out and then with another tiresome speech, it was all over. The first day was over and nothing more was going to happen.

Emily wanted to sit down and cry on the way home and she would have if she hadn't decided during the summer that crying was a bother and, besides she was too old for that sort of nonsense. She had

never thought particularly about the measures involved in growing up. She had merely assumed that it would happen. Only now, she remembered that she had felt this very same way early last summer when she had seen Kay James and a boy sitting on the dock kissing. She had been upset and scared and her breathing had been squeezed up in her ribs. But after a couple of weeks, she hadn't been upset anymore. In fact, it had seemed as though it was a pleasant thing to be doing. Emily laughed and thought this is growing up, and I shall always be able to tell it. It comes at the funniest times in bumps and jerks and the same feelings are there each time. She was pleased by her revelation. Tomorrow would be the first day of classes, and today was half gone already.

II

A week after the fall semester of the ninth grade had started, Emily decided that she had a crush on Miss Nash. She had been sitting in Latin class just before it happened, looking at the blue mirror on the wall and wondering if she could dare to eat a cookie that happened to be in her pocket. Miss Nash had said, "Emily, I know that it's a pretty day, but I wish you wouldn't so obviously look out of the window." Her smile made her mouth crinkle nicely at the edges. With no more warning than that, Emily decided that Miss Nash had said a charming thing. Miss Nash had a way of raising her chin and pushing her hair back with her left hand and as she did this now, Emily knew that Miss Nash had become more than the nice Miss Nash that taught Latin. In the past few minutes, she had changed remarkably. Emily wrote her name cautiously on her text page. Janis D. Nash. J.D.N.

Emily stopped lounging in the chair and considered. Miss Nash had taught her in the eighth grade and Emily had liked her, but she hadn't been different than any one else. But then, the eighth grade had been a messy year. She glanced appreciatively at Jane. She and Jane had giggled and told secrets together for years but Jane had gone to public school last year and Emily had missed her. She was very glad that Jane was at Heaton's this year and that Mary Sue was so likeable. She had no way of knowing that Mary Sue had grown over the summer from a prim child to someone who had a mouthful of braces and a look around her eyes that hinted of a successful debut. Emily only knew that she had gotten a seventy-five on a test and it hadn't seemed to bother her. When it happened, Emily decided that she wasn't such a prig after all and she immediately lost her desire to stick a pin in her. Lila, the fourth member of the ninth grade was as aloof and superior as she had been in the eighth grade, but with Jane and Mary Sue there, Emily didn't get upset over her anymore.

Emily wrote Miss Nash's initials on the page again. J. D. N. What a wonderful name. Did the other teachers call her Jan? Emily was glad that the crush had started early enough in the term so that she

would have a long time to enjoy it. As a matter of fact, she was pleased with the auspicious beginnings of the ninth grade which had already been better than the whole of the eighth put together. Finding ninth grade pleasant was discovering that a fifteen cent sundae came with whipped cream.

III

For several years, eating in Majors for lunch had been the thing to do. Going there for lunch with Mary Sue and Jane was part of the nice things that had happened. The older crowd would eat at tables by themselves like they used to but Emily never felt left out any more. Jane, Mary Sue and herself made a satisfactory group. Emily still had to bring her lunch carefully wrapped in a brown paper bag, but that had also ceased to embarrass her. The time when the bag was stuffed in her jacket pocket and taken out surreptitiously and eaten, hoping that the others wouldn't notice had past. Mary Sue and Jane had to bring their lunches too. After the first time when all three of them had sat in the drugstore and murmured that they just wanted something to drink please and then had pulled mashed and greasy paper bags out of pockets, they had laughed and laughed. Now they made a joke out of having to bring their lunches and thought it cozy to be sitting in the drugstore eating peanut butter sandwiches and drinking only store bought milkshakes. Not having to worry about what the others were thinking or doing was a relief. Even when undercover giggles were heard, Emily no longer felt that they were laughing at her, sitting by herself, eating lunch out of a paper bag. Once Emily, Mary Sue and Jane had giggled so loudly that the waitress had told them to hush and Emily had forgotten the others so completely that she didn't even notice when they looked up.

The weather had remained like October ought to for a long while. Most of the days were the peculiar bright color that October has and they all followed one another tidily. On one such day Mary Sue and Jane had gone on ahead from lunch. Emily was scuffing the leaves carefully, when the wind caught one of them up and it landed on her nose. She held it a second before the wind took it on. It was bright and windy and she might be late for study hall if she took any longer. She ran the four blocks more back to school. She collided squarely with Miss Nash who was coming to ring the buzzer in the front hall. Miss Nash said, "You silly thing to run like that" and her mouth crinkled up as it always did. It wasn't Miss Nash's day to keep study hall and the unexpectedness of having her do it and the surprise of having rushed into her was equaled only by the niceness of it. This combined with the prettiness of the day made Emily feel a little giddy.

Mary Sue and Jane waved to her from the table by the window. "Miss Nash's got study hall, Emilee," whispered Jane and Mary Sue chorused, "Bet you're happy." Emily just stuck her tongue out at them and

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"At the midnight in the silence
of the sleeptime
When you set your fancies free."

"The rain
The sulle



"There's nobody on the housetops now—
Just a palsied few at windows set;"



"When the lamp is shuttered
The light in the dust lies dead."

in to-night
was soon awake"



Photography and Make-Up by DAVILA SMITH

Mr. Laughing Man

By JOANNE McLEAN

MR. Laughing-man had come to the city for the first time in a great many years. In order to show his good-nature and pleasure at all he saw, he smiled. And the smile spread in a lipless crescent, curving under the weighted triangle of his nose. He smiled and even his tiny ears became erect. His hands made little brisk motions at the sides of his dusty, navy-colored pants. The coat above the pants was a checked overalls blue; and on his head sat firm, the torn, domed crown of his dirty black hat.

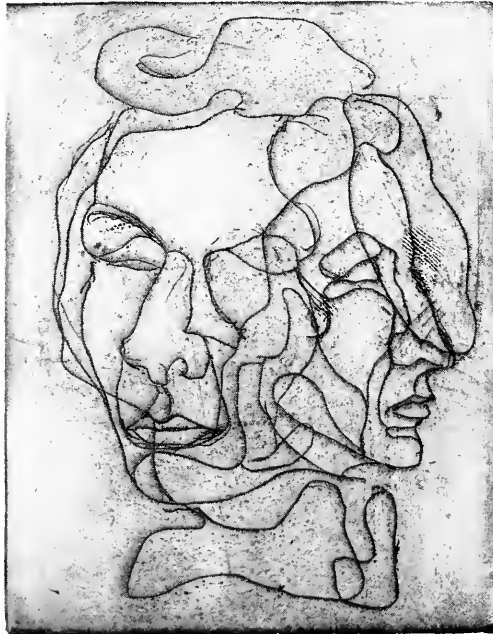
He nodded over at the A&P and across to the Sunshine Restaurant and over at the great, looming department store, and he smiled at them like they were all friends, and to be impressed.

He came to the street-crossing, and his little, black eyes jumped back and forth as if he were seeing more cars swishing past than ever in all his life. This was the big city, and the street was the widest of all streets.

Gingerly he stepped off the curb, placing one foot down and then the other, and then once again, slowly. Wheels scraped, and a taxi stopped jerkily. Mr. Laughing-man turned and jumped back on the curb, laughing in good-humor to see the taxi pull in and wait for a fare. He fairly burst, turning his head from side to side watching the cars, and cars, and cars.

He put out his left foot, testing, but pulled it back in a jerk at once. He clapped his hands against his sides at this wonderful joke, watched, undisturbed, other people come and go across the street. A third time he tried—four steps, five steps—and then—oh!—the taxi bucked and started off again. Mr. Laughing-man returned once more to the walk and stood waiting patiently, nodding his head and smiling.

Oh, this was a big street, the widest in all the world, perhaps. And this was the big city, the dangerous and exciting big city. He laughed to show his pleasure.



Eleanor Griswold

The Storm

By RUTH SMITH

“**S**AY did you hear? Ed Perry’s bull got killed last night. No-o-o-o, not poachers. Fell down that well he was diggin’ in the field just b’low the house. I donno, I guess it did hit him pretty hard. Um-m, heard it from Tom Stallings when I stopped by. Ah-ah they do look as though they’re goin’ to mount up. Everybody along the road’s watchin’ over there to the east. Sure do hope it comes down this way, my tomatoes are the size of eggs and the peas are no bigger than birdshot.”

Cy shook his head, raised his arm, then pulled it back in the car. The brake snapped off and the car rolled down the slight hill. I stood watching the car as it gathered speed, bouncing from rock to rut. When I heard the car banging over the first plank bridge I thought: Cy’s going to need a new car if he doesn’t stop gunning over those bridges. I looked at the mail. Nothing but a bill. Lord, it was never anything but a bill or a catalogue of some kind. They send you a catalogue so you’ll buy something, then send you a bill and then another catalogue. It had better damn well rain or the bill will never get paid. The weather was just like it was that last year up in the Aroostock. I walked down the road until I was clear of the trees. The sky was clear right overhead but down east, somewhere near the Point, there was a tower of grey clouds, their edges outlined in gold. Then what Cy said about Ed Perry’s bull came back to me. Too bad. But he should have covered the hole up or fenced it ’round if he was going to put the bull in there. Damn fool! Well, that’s his only piece of bad luck while I’ve known him. And it wasn’t even bad luck. Damn fool!

I showed Mary the bill when I went in for dinner. She didn’t say anything, just put the bread on the table and sat down. It was a quiet meal. The only things said were, “Sam, what’s wrong?” and, “I’m just tired. Hot down in the field.” But I was thinking about Ed and that fancy bull of his.

Howie Cook and his boys came down after dinner. We worked like a team of horses all afternoon trying to get all the hay I had mowed in before the storm broke. One of Howie’s boys went on ahead with their tractor and rake, breaking the windrows into bunches, then Howie and I came along to pitch them up on the hay rack to his other boy who was building the loads. No one did much talking down in the field and we spent the time it took us to take the loads up to the barn resting. When we finally were ready to pick up the last load, the only thing you could hear was the steady hum of the tractor and the clashing and jingling of the rake as it was raised and lowered; or a deep grunt from Howie or me when we got our fork under a sizeable bunch. I kept looking around my shoulder to see if any more clouds had come up

and how close they were getting. They seemed to have gotten taller and darker and filled up more of the sky everytime I looked.

The tractor had stopped and Howie’s boy had come back to help us load the rest of the hay. By this time I was humming a little as we moved off down the field and I had to smile when I remembered how mad I had been at Howie two weeks earlier. He had come down and asked if I’d let him have the hay on the upper fields if he and his boys helped me get mine in. The way he talked it sounded as if he was doing me a favor, as if I’d never get all my hay in without some help and I’d never need all the hay in my fields, so he’d take it off my hands. Two weeks ago. That was around the time that Ed Perry and his wife had come down for a visit. We’d left the women to talk in the house while we walked around the fields and along our boundary to check the markers. He sure had gotten under my skin with that high and mighty air of his. Sure it was hard on a man starting out new. Yes, and it was too bad about those bad seasons up in the Aroostock. Everybody was hit pretty hard. He heard about it from a cousin. He hoped that things would go right down here. Of course, it would take time, I wasn’t set up like the rest. Howie Cook had just built himself a new barn and Presner had just added fifty acres to his original lot; and himself, well, he’d just bought a blooded bull. Going to raise Milking-Shorthorns. Good for both milk and beef, you know. Ought to come down and have a look at him some time. Fine looking animal. They were all like that. Each of them jealously watching the next in order that no one would get ahead of them. And all of them looking down their noses at me. Well, Ed Perry had nothing to crow about now.

“Well, Sam, four more bunches and we’re finished,” Howie said, jabbing his fork into the hay and then putting all his weight on it until all but ten inches of the handle was covered. He took off his old blue and white striped engineer’s cap and hung it on the handle, then turned to look toward the east, rubbing his forearm across his forehead to clear the sweat away, then snapping his arm down to shake the wet from the hair on his arm.

“’Bout time for it, eh, Sam? You can wade half-way across the pond and timber’s so dry you can hear a pine cone drop a mile off.” I turned to look. The east was black, lighted only by occasional flashes of lightning. A wind coming from that direction had roughed up the water of the lake and there were waves breaking over the rocks that had broken away from the ends of the islands.

“Let’s get the rest of this up into the barn, Howie. Then we can sit and watch the storm move this way. Feel sort of sorry for those folks I left up in Aroostock,

looks like another dry summer for them. They should have moved out like we did. Five bad seasons are too much for any man."

The barn was hot and dusty, with no breeze to give relief as there had been in the field. Everytime the fox-fork dropped a load of hay in the loft a cloud of dust billowed up, then was pulled along the rays of the sun and out the small windows.

Howie had stayed on the rack to set the fork in the hay and to signal me when to stop and start the tractor. His two boys were up in the loft placing the hay. From my place in the tractor, just outside the barn door, I could see Howie's form bend as he plunged the fork into the hay, then jerk sharply as he drove it even further home, down into the load of hay. As he stepped back from the fork I could see his arm raise and hear his voice calling, "Take it away," at the same time. I backed the tractor slowly away from the barn. The slack rope would drag along the floor of the barn, following the tractor, picking up stray wisps of hay, then suddenly the rope would snap taut and all the hay that had stuck to it would drop off. As the tractor drew the rope steadily backward a section of the hay in the rack would tear loose and rise slowly into the air, small chunks falling back into the rack or trailing the twisting fork-full into the shadows of the loft. Many times the release rope would be fouled by the hay and I'd have to let the tractor roll slowly forward so that Howie, cussing softly and carefully, could free it. This had happened five times before we had the rack completely unloaded. The boys climbed down from the loft slowly; their shirts were wet through with small pieces of hay clinging to them, and more hay and hay seed were stuck to the backs of their necks and hands. Howie and I left them with their backs bowed, pulling their shirts over their heads.

"I must be spoiled, Sam. That damn fox-fork! You know me and the boys put in an automatic fork last fall when we got the barn finished. We're plannin' to get a bailer if the yield's good this year and then put a conveyor in. That's what you need here. It took us twice as long to store the lot as to build the loads."

We walked in through the shed and got a can of beer apiece from the icebox, then went through the house. Howie stopped to speak to Mary, but I went right on out the front door and sat down under the big elms. The two boys had just started down through the fields, and I looked after them idly, watching the contrast between their bare backs and the faded denim of their dungarees grow less and less clear. By the time Howie came out of the house they were halfway down through the fields toward the pond. We watched them make their way along, pushing, stumbling, and chasing one another."

"Those are fine boys, Howie. Guess they're a big help to you."

"Yeah, they're fine boys. Little lazy, but they'll get over that. Too bad you have no boy around to

help you. You could use someone 'round here. Awful lot to be done first few years."

I didn't answer him, just opened my beer, and put it up to my mouth fast to catch the foam. Mary and I had lost our boy when he was no more than a year. Then after that came the time when I was making money too fast to think of much else. Things were going along fine. Mary had new things and the farm looked like a city folk's place. Then the weather turned bad year after year. I should have known I'd hit a streak of bad luck.

The wind was coming in savage gusts now. The loose hay in the fields was being lifted into the air and blown toward the orchard and a haze of dust lay above the dry road.

"God, it's hot!" Howie said, changing his position. "It should be rainin' over here in about fifteen minutes, the storm's over Round Pond or Walpole now. Hope the boys don't stay down there too long. I have to be gettin' home. The missus worries. Lightnin' and all, ya know."

Things are going to be fine, I thought. Mary can have some new things again, and I can get some things fixed up. The roof could stand some shingles, and maybe a new cow-shed. I was right about moving down here, it's another bad year up in Aroostock. Look at it blow! This keeps up and there'll be enough hay around the apple trees so I won't need to bank them.

The boys had come back and Mary had given them some lemonade. They had one of Mary's movie magazines, and were talking and laughing in their newly masculine voices at the halfway nude women. Quite a party. Everyone real relaxed and happy. The two boys, because they didn't know any better, and Howie and I, because some rain was finally going to fall. Howie and I just sat there watching the rain moving our way, taking swallows of beer, and half listening to the boys discuss one of the pictures the way they would the merits and demerits of an animal.

"Suppose Cy told you about Ed's bull?" Howie said. He knew Cy had. Cy always delivered the gossip with the mail. But something had happened to the storm; it just seemed to stop over Walpole. And I guess he thought a little talk would hurry it up.

"Ay-ah. Said it'd fallen in that well he'd started. Told Ed he'd better fence it 'round or cover it when he said he was goin' to let the blame animal loose in there."

"Damn shame. That was a mighty costly animal. Ed had big plans too. He was goin' to start a herd of Milkin'-Shorthorns. Said they was good for both milk and meat, he couldn't miss. He's done right well in five years. Has a new barn and got the house fixed up. Well, he'll make out all right. He and his boys work hard."

"I know the man he bought the bull from, has a place down outside of Kennibec. His herd ain't too

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The Party

By PATRICIA HUNSINGER

FARA was still wearing her apron after helping her mother with the evening dishes. She sat down to glance through the paper. Her eyes skimmed lightly over the front page, hesitating over the blackest headlines. She ruffled through the first section pausing at pictures, in particular that of a man condemned to die for having murdered his sweetheart. Laying this aside she took up the middle section and folded the paper to read about weddings and engagements, and to gaze at white draped brides.

Her face suddenly awakened. The beautiful Marilyn Davis was engaged to marry a promising young lawyer. Fara inspected the picture, lifting it to the light. Marilyn's face was delicately shaped, framed in long straight hair that abruptly waved at the bottom. Her chin rested on one bare shoulder. When she had finished Fara mentally checked a yearbook picture and turned the page to read the birth and obituary notices.

One week later Fara came down to breakfast dressed in a two-piece black faille suit which she wore twice a week to work in the office of Arnold and Winters, where she was employed as a secretary. Her mother handed her two letters. One was an advertisement for a new book club offering a monthly bonus, and the other was an invitation to a party given by Sylvia Hostler in honor of Marilyn Davis to be held the following Saturday night. Fara was greatly surprised at receiving the invitation. Her mother was very much pleased. Fara was still disturbed as she swayed from the strap of the Greene Street extension bus on her way to work and Mr. Arnold remarked during the course of the morning that something must be eating her.

Fara pondered over the problem of why Sylvia had invited her and whether or not she should accept. She had not seen Marilyn since graduation. Marilyn had been elected the most popular girl in the high school senior class. Fara could see her as she looked when she stood on the assembly stage and was crowned. Marilyn in bluejeans rode about town with boys in broken down jalopies. She cheered the team to victory in a white sweater with a red letter. Sylvia had always considered her a close friend, and Fara had been Sylvia's friend. So after all the invitation was explainable. Fara came home from work in the evening and told her mother she was going to the party.

Her mother met her outside the office building of Arnold and Winters at noon on Thursday. They went shopping to look for a dress that her mother thought she should have. They rejected a green silk crepe with an uneven hemline, considered a red and white jersey print, and settled on a simple brown chautung which went well with Fara's blondeness, and was a perfect fit.

Friday night Fara washed her hair, rinsing it with lemon. At noon on Saturday she was finished with her work. She went to a drug store and purchased eyebrow tweezers, emoryboards, rosy-red nail polish and bubble bath, and also several magazines which she might read when she got home that night. At five she bathed, using the bubble bath, sniffing her arms afterwards for the scent of odor of pine. She helped her mother prepare dinner in her bathrobe with hair wrapped in metal curlers. Fara was so on edge that she could not eat her dessert. She combed her hair again and again because one curl turned out while the others turned in. At seventy-thirty she was completed and was waiting for her father to hear his baseball scores on the radio so that he might drive her to Sylvia's.

Her father waited at the curb while she checked the house number to make certain she had not made a mistake. The house both upstairs and downstairs was brightly lighted. Yet through the windows she could see no sign of activity. She hoped that this was not the wrong week. When Sylvia opened the door Fara's father drove hurriedly away, anxious to hear his eight o'clock program. Sylvia smiled and chattered a welcome. They had not seen each other for months. She was sure there was so much to talk about. Sylvia tucked her arm under Fara's and bustled her upstairs to a beruffled bedroom. There were no wraps on the white chenille spread and this confirmed Fara's fear that she was the first to arrive. Sylvia sat down on the bed with a bounce, making her short curls bob, and asked for all the latest news. When they had finished exchanging commonplaces, she hastened away to prepare some more cream cheese sandwiches, telling Fara to make herself at home.

Fara sat down before the vanity and smoothed her hair. The mirror glittered with the reflection of crystal lamps. She rose and walked around the room admiring its femininity. She went into the hall and stood poised on the top step, but she could not bring herself to invade the quietness and emptiness of the lighted room below. Returning to the bedroom, she knelt before a small bookcase by the bedside. She ran a finger along the book backs, reading the titles. All were romantic novels. Just as she was about to pick one from its place the doorbell rang and mingled voices, male and female rose from below. Heels tapped on the stairs. Fara went immediately to the vanity bench and began to poke at her obstinate curl. She saw the two girls in the mirror before they entered the room. Their faces were filed away in her high school memories, but she could not remember their names. The tall, broadshouldered girl sat behind her in geometry class and always tapped her on the back

for answers. The other, short and plump, had worked with her on a committee once to collect scrap paper.

As they entered they were discussing the late hour they had gone to bed the night before. The tall girl smiled at Fara's reflection and said how wonderful it was to see her. It was a shame they didn't get together more often. The short girl and Fara both agreed that it seemed like old times. The short girl pulled a pack of cigarettes from a pouchy black purse and offered them to the others with a circular motion of her hand. Being refused, she inserted one in the corner of her mouth, lighted a match, and with a strained weary look inhaled deeply. Then she asked Fara what sort of thing she was doing now. Fara told them about Arnold and Winters and secretarial school and commuting on the Greene Street extension bus. After that they discussed college. They had not exhausted this subject when they started down the stairs.

In the center of the living-room three young men stood grouped in a circle, feet apart, hands in pockets. Fara knew two of them. Jack Landi had been editor of the Hi-news and valedictorian. Tod Walters was a football star. The third was a stranger. He was tall and angular and looked like an extended measuring rod that might collapse at any moment.

The room seemed very large with the furniture lined along the walls and the carpet removed exposing the highly polished floor. Fara thought how easy it would be to slip and fall. At the sound of tapping heels the three boys turned to face them. Fara arranged her face into a pleasant expression and straightened her shoulders. She was faintly trembling. At one time, when she was a senior in high school, she could have fallen in love if she had permitted herself to do so. Jack Landi had been an ideal which she had cherished in her most secret heart and revealed to no one. She had managed to put him out of her mind, but now he returned, more important than ever. She answered their hellos, sure that they were surprised to see that she was there. She wondered if they thought her different. Jack took out his pipe and began to light it.

The room gradually filled with people meeting old acquaintances, working at conversations that were yet stiff and awkward. Sylvia flitted from guest to guest. Fara stood with her arms folded, handkerchief crushed in one hand, discussing the weather with Ralph Hogan, the tall stranger who turned out to be a college friend of Tod's. It was not difficult to talk to him, Fara thought, although he was quite unattractive. His glasses were on the verge of sliding down his long thin nose. His eyes were focused somewhere about her chin as he spoke in a jerking, hesitating manner. She was starting to tell him about Arnold and Winters when he pointed a bony finger at a new arrival across the room, sputtered excuse me, and hurried away. Fara felt suddenly naked at the loss of her companion, but she could not become offended.

She sank into an overstuffed chair, that seemed to enfold her in its depths. The party was assuming a pattern as the guests clustered in groups, enjoying

each other's company. Fara inspected the people in the room, noticing the tall girl and the short girl still together, talking, gesticulating with their cigarettes.

Sylvia put a record on the phonograph, a slow, sad tune about a broken-hearted lover. All the girls at the office were humming it, and Fara heard it every noon at least twice in the luncheonette where she ate. She let her foot pat time to the beat of the music. Tod Walters asked Helen O'Malley to dance. He was six feet three and she was five feet two. He used to brag about how she could stand under his outstretched arm when they were a steady couple in high school. The conversation softened to a murmur. Two couples came out on the floor and someone switched off the overhead light. Fara watched the shadows of the dancing figures gliding across the wall. She noticed that Jack was dancing with Sylvia.

The record changed and the room was filled with brass and a syncopated beat. A burst of laughter in the far corner almost drowned out the music. Fara looked around to see if there was anyone else alone. She found herself staring into the eyes of Roberta Hicks, who smiled with recognition, and walked across the room to sit beside her. Fara was very pleased because she had always liked Roberta. Sometimes they had walked part way home from school together. They sat and talked about high school, their teacher, and youthful escapades. Talking about school this way made it seem very exciting to Fara. Roberta told her how glad she was they had this chance to talk it all over. She confessed that she thought of Fara as one of the sweetest, nicest girls in the whole class. She wished they had known each other better. Since she was in college she realized how really few fine people had been in her crowd. College makes you realize what true friendship is. Fara was embarrassed at such personal praise but she listened, wondering what true friendship was.

The doorbell rang. The guest of honor had arrived. Marilyn stood poised, tall and slender, in the archway leading into the livingroom, her fiance and Sylvia in the background. The guests flowed towards her, crying out their congratulations. Roberta ran across the room and pressed into the crowd. Fara stopped at the outer rim of the chattering group. Sylvia called out shrilly that everyone must have some refreshments in the next room, and Fara joined the stream of people passing into the dining-room.

A table was arranged with plates of tiny sandwiches, nuts and cookies, clustered around a crystal bowl of plum-colored punch. Fara picked up a napkin and plate and selected two of the tiny sandwiches, a few nuts and one cookie. She accepted a cupful of punch from a uniformed maid. The room was small and crowded. One boy was throwing peanuts into the air, snapping at them with his teeth. Fara felt herself being pushed into a corner. She turned around to protect her cup, and found herself facing Jack Landi. He was just a few inches away. She knew that the top of her head was at a level with his nose. There were people all around, pressing and rubbing

against her body. She felt the wall behind her back. Jack placed his hand on the wall above her shoulder and grinned down at her. She heard him say, traffic jam. She felt completely defenseless holding a cup in one hand and a plate in the other. He asked what she had been doing for the past three years. She heard the question but she had no response prepared. A space opened to her right and she darted through it.

Her overstuffed chair was still vacant. She sank into its depths. The cup of plum-colored punch was trembling dangerously in her fingers, so she set it on the floor. Fara took her handkerchief, damp with perspiration and wound it tightly around her fingers until she could feel pain. She dug her heels into the hardwood floor, and her elbows into the broad chair arms. She sat and watched the people and listened to their voices, loud and harsh. Smoke drifted in swirls around their heads. She wondered if she could reach out and squeeze a handful of that smoke. In the middle of the floor Marilyn and Don rocked slowly in time to the music. Both of his arms encircled her waist, their bodies were pressed together, her head tilted back, his lips almost, not quite brushing hers. A man's uncontrolled laughter rose above the other noises and Fara saw Ralph Hogan sitting on the divan, his arm around the short plump girl. Fara rose, crossed the room, and went up the stairs to the bedruffled bedroom. A breeze was stirring the white curtains. The bed was covered with wraps and soiled tissues littered the vanity. Fara sat down on the vanity bench and thought of the mistake she had made in

accepting the invitation. Her first impulse had been to refuse. She should never have ignored it. She did not belong to this crowd.

When Sylvia came up to see if something was the matter she said that she had a very bad headache and the smoke was irritating. Sylvia was terribly sorry and ran downstairs to ask Jack, who had his car with him, if it would be possible to drive Fara home. He was happy to do it, and also was upset that she was ill. When she came downstairs Tod, Ralph, Sylvia, the tall girl and the short girl were there to say goodbye and hope that she would feel better in the morning.

The night was cool. Jack held the car door. Neither one spoke until they said goodnight in front of Fara's house. Her mother had kept on the porchlight, the dining room lights and the livingroom lights. She herself was trying to stay awake so that she might talk with Fara. She was sitting in the livingroom working on her tatting. At her daughter's sudden entrance she rose and asked if it had been a good party. Fara said it was just the regular college crowd and explained that she had a headache and was going to bed. She went up the stairs. Her mother gazed after her, saying nothing.

In her room Fara quickly undressed, and climbed between the starched sheets. But she did not turn off the bedlight that stood on her bedside table. Instead, after propping the pillow behind her, she took one of the magazines she had bought that afternoon and flipped the pages until she came to a story and began to read.

Sea Turtle

By JEAN FARLEY

The sea shifts and turns in its dune-smooth skin
to list in toward shore for a final tapered heaping
before it is toppled and rolled out thin.

A yolk-fed turtle trundles across the sand
to slide from the edge of a beach
scalloped over and over in white and tan.

Above on a tilting ledge of wind
a sea hawk planes and waits
for the turtle to reach a depth to dive in.

Ribbons

(Continued from Page 11)

sat down. She had to admit that her crush was funny, particularly when she was so unobtrusive that she couldn't keep her feelings hidden. She talked about Miss Nash constantly. Besides, Mary Sue and Jane had pictures of Alan Ladd on their dressers and had seen each of his movies eight times. They couldn't afford to be really mean. Getting the table for study hall added to the occasion. It was by far the most advantageous place to get because it was off by itself, so that the window could be looked out of or math done together without being obvious. The juniors usually got there first. Miss Nash came and sat down at the desk and seeing her there and having the table seemed to be the capstone of something. Emily stared out of the window and then at Miss Nash's profile and wrote J. D. N. over an entire page of paper. After that she poked Jane who giggled silently and Mary Sue, who was opposite, scuffed her feet. Emily caught one of her shoes and it fell with a clop and then they had to giggle out loud. When Mary Sue and Jane had gone back to their work, Emily started them off again and after that they whispered too loudly when they did their math and had to giggle again. Every few minutes Emily looked at Miss Nash who would frown at her but Emily would pretend not to see.

After the hour and a half had passed, Miss Nash came over to the table. "You were awful," she said, "behaving like two-year-olds," except that she was pushing her hair back with her hand which somehow meant that she wasn't really cross. "This is the first study hall I've wasted this year," Mary Sue remarked. She was still very conscientious. "It was Emily's doing," said Miss Nash. "How she can be the quietest of you three and then turn around and be the noisiest—" Emily looked reproved and as genuinely woe-begone as she felt. It was too bad to have misbehaved like that. Miss Nash suddenly said "I guess it was the weather, don't you, Emily?" and smiled like she even knew about the leaf. It was the sort of October that could be wrapped up and kept as long as one pleased.

IV

Almost every day seemed to have taken on the color of the blue mirror, with the sun slanting into it. It was easy to believe and to study when Miss Nash stood up before the class talking and looking like the Greek goddesses that she was always referring to. She even made Caesar more than ablative absolutes and pitching tents. She went as far as to make an Adam's rib come to life out of a subject that Emily had considered quite dead. And there was the very good chance that each day would have something special in it like the time when Miss Nash absently buttoned Emily's coat button that was half undone like it was the most normal thing in the world to be doing, or

when she grinned and drew her finger across Emily's nose, saying, "You've got ink right *there*." Another good moment was when she got a fifty-two on a grammar quiz and Miss Nash said, "You precious good-for-nothing. Oh, Emily, I don't know what I'm going to do with you." It more than compensated for the fifty-two.

The best occasion of all was the day it began to snow in midmorning. Snowing before Christmas was as occasion in itself. After study hall the girls ran out like animals, calling and shouting and trying to get enough snow together for snowballs. When they trooped back in, a little shame-faced at their actions, Mrs. Battle who had kept study hall began to play "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" very loudly at the piano. Every one began to sing even before they grouped around the piano. Standing there singing and the snow outside was like the sun glinting on the blue mirror. When they got around to singing "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," Emily forgot that that had been the song she had been most tired of last year. In fact, it was so beautiful that she was sorry that she still considered herself too old to cry. As Emily seriously told Jane later "My cup runneth over" when she looked up and saw Miss Nash standing at the door. Snow was sprinkled over her coat and she was singing the end of "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear," too. Emily smiled a lopsided smile at her and Miss Nash gave an equally lopsided one back.

In the dressing room one day Lila suddenly remarked, "I think that it's a shame Miss Nash didn't get married." Emily and Mary Sue had just finished saying how good her class had been today. "Oh, she was engaged when she came here years ago, but something happened," one of the juniors remarked. "Really?" gasped Emily. She had wondered in private, but to be talking about it to some one who seemed to know was a delicious experience. Even Lila looked interested. "She didn't have any intention of teaching when she graduated. She just came because old Heaton needed her, and she said that she was only going to stay a year," the junior went on. "Why'd she stay?" asked Mary Sue who was practical. "I dunno—she's getting old and got stuck." Emily remained silent. She became embarrassed that they were talking about Miss Nash's private life. It was like looking at somebody when they thought they were alone. People always did funny or personal things when they thought they were alone. Emily was sure that she wouldn't want anybody watching her when she grimaced and flirted into the mirror. She turned to leave because she didn't want to hear any more. She avoided Jane's "Gee, Emily, I thought you'd be interested in this." But she said timidly, "It—this is so personal." The junior looked at her.

"You little nut. We're just talking. What do you expect the great Miss Nash to be? A sacred goddess or something?" "No" Emily answered, blushing. "I—I just don't want to hear any more." She walked out of the room stiff-kneed, pretending to ignore the general laughter and Jane's "Ohuh, Emily."

Emily was bothered. "I shouldn't have backed off like that. I should have said—oh, I don't know what but I should have said something." The idea about Miss Nash hating to teach haunted her. Suppose that she had said those things about believing and learning and she hadn't believed them herself. Suppose Miss Nash was "stuck" and getting old maidish. Emily knew that she was being unreasonable but she had a vivid picture of Miss Nash having turned overnight into someone thin and long like Miss Heaton. Then she remembered Miss Nash pushing her hair back with her hand. It was a consoling thought. Some of what they said might be true she conceded, but not all of it. Anyhow, it's a lucky thing Miss Nash didn't go away. She sat at the desk writing J. D. N. all over a page of notebook paper.

V

"Emily, Emily are you going to the Christmas Cotillion? Thank gosh, it's girl ask. I'm going to ask Bobby Wilson. He's home from military school and gee but he's handsome." Jane hurried on in her voice that always sounded as if she had run up a flight of steps. "Yes, I guess, but I don't much want to." "Why, afraid to ask somebody? You'd better hurry because all the cute ones are getting asked." "I haven't thought about it," said Emily crossly. "Well, yes, I have too. Bud said that no one had asked him yet and wasn't I and I said yes, I don't know why. He's dopey, but then all the boys are dopey." "Dopey? Why Bobby in his uniform and Jim Denny—" Jane began to ruffle. "They're as good as Alan Ladd. She looked at Mary Sue who had not said anything. "I might as well tell you, Mary Sue. I took Alan's picture down last night." Mary Sue nodded seriously, "It's all right. I'll be so glad when my braces are off." "I don't care," said Emily defensively, going back to the original subject. "Bud's all right because he lives in the same block and I've known him for ages, but even then, it's so messy. Nobody talks and we stand in a corner and eat ice cream and still nobody says anything and then we dance and I—I feel funny only I dance better than Bud does—and you do too, Jane. Bobby steps on your feet like everything. And then we stand around some more. It's dopey, I tell you." Jane began a quick "Well" but Mary Sue was whispering "DO you feel funny when you're dancing, Emily? I do and I've been real worried about it." "Well, yes, I do," said Emily, "I feel awful funny." They both looked relieved. "I tell you, I just don't like dances and even Bobby in his uniform—I think boys are dopey." Jane was stung out of her pleasantness. "Listen here, Emily Banner—you're dopey. Why, I bet you'd rather sit and think about your old Miss Nash." Emily felt like

she did the time she fell out of a tree—not hurt, just sick. She felt that she had left her face. "Well I don't care," she said again. Only this time it was in a thinish voice that even Emily didn't believe.

"I *never* know what to say and I guess I am queer because I do like Miss Nash better than those silly boys," she kept thinking over and over. That night she still couldn't stop thinking about it, even after she had gotten up out of bed and gone downstairs to get some crackers. It was worse, if anything, because the cracker crumbs got scattered all over the sheets.

Spring was spread around like a layer of jam. It couldn't have been more typical. It had been coy and pretended to leave once it had arrived, the sun was warm enough to make people look like turtles holding their heads up and out to get the rays, and when it rained gently with a train whistle mourning in the distance, it was on the whole, effective. Emily accepted its credo without question. She had discovered Shelley, Byron and Emily Brontë on the moors and believed that she was in love with D'Arcy out of *Pride and Prejudice*. "I shall never marry until I find someone like the bonny D'Arcy" she would say in what she hoped was a languishing British voice. She wrote poetry filled with such lines as O Love, O magical thing and April thou hast fled from me, and she would walk in the rain that rained gently, crying over the train whistle and the cruel sadness of the world. She was convinced that she had become older through suffering and consequently had become set apart from the mundane life of washing dishes and going to school. She knew that nothing exciting or interesting happened and she was thoroughly tired of the ninth grade. Proof of the fact that she had become old and wise came when Mary Sue and Jane seemed children who had not the sense to understand the true meaning of life and giggling in study hall was boring. It was also easier to do math alone because it was obvious that it got done faster that way. Emily became stuffy with her new found wisdom and Miss Nash was heard to remark that it was lucky that she had round brown eyes which was a saving grace. Emily wasn't sure what Miss Nash meant.

VI

The sun had been glinting on the blue mirror in Latin class and Emily looked at Miss Nash and saw that she was beginning to get a stomach. This was terribly, embarrassingly shocking. Emily remembered that Miss Nash had once said that the word sedentary comes from the Latin *sedes* and she had patted her hips and said that teaching was a sedentary position and that had seemed very funny. But a stomach—there was something indecent about that. Emily became annoyed when Miss Nash asked her to read. "If you don't *want* to translate"—indeed. Miss Nash was trying to be cute. Why couldn't she have said "I've asked you to read." Emily knew that she was reading poorly but she saw no excuse for Miss Nash

quoting from Vergil with "Ah, this is difficult, this is toilsome." She began counting the minutes until the bell rang and when it did she walked out obviously knowing the second it was going to ring. Mary Sue and Jane giggled. Emily heard them and knew that Miss Nash had made some remark. For a minute she felt left out and extremely uncomfortable.

For a few days, however, she consoled herself with thinking about D'Arcy and telling herself that crushes were too school girlish to bother about. In her appreciation of her superiority, this worked rather well.

A week later Emily saw Miss Nash playing tennis on the court with another teacher. There was no longer the familiar flurry in the pit of her stomach at seeing Miss Nash doing something different. Oh, Miss Nash playing tennis. Most of the teachers do.

Awfully matter of fact. Quite suddenly, Emily forgot D'Arcy and the sadness of the world and the fact that she had changed. She felt that she would strangle with the sure knowledge that Miss Nash was just another person and that she did hang on the moon after all.

The salt feeling remained for the rest of the term like a fever Emily had once had. For a while she thought she was well and the next day the feeling came back worse than ever. It wasn't until the summer when she and Bud would sit on the front steps holding hands and not minding the mosquitoes that everything settled down. She had forgotten about the salt feeling. When she remembered it again, it seemed like it had taken place a long time ago. Seeing Bud and getting sunburned were the only thing that really mattered.

The Storm

(Continued from Page 16)

good. Sorta thin and their backs don't look too good. I always thought Ed's bull looked weak through the back and hind quarters. If he paid more'n a thousand dollars he got the bad end of a bargain."

We hadn't been looking at each other all this time, just talking out ahead of us and watching the clouds. We were both getting kind of riled too, because the cloud seemed to stop. What wind remained finally died and the storm anchored somewhere over New Bristol. It hadn't moved ten miles in a quarter of an hour. We could see the lightning flashing from cloud to cloud and the gray streaks of rain coming down, no more than three miles away.

"Christ!" Howie said and got up. The boys looked up at him and got to their feet, leaving the magazine on the ground. "Take that magazine in to Mrs. Carter so's we can get goin'. We got milkin' to do. Well, Sam, it looks like you should of stayed up in Aroo-

stock, or you goin' to pull out and move down to Bath and do some carpentry?"

I hardly heard him. I just sat watching the clouds flattening out and breaking apart. When I heard his car start off I got up and milked the cows, then went in to supper. Mary had my plate all ready for me. We sat there side by side at the kitchen table, looking out to the old chicken house, I'd never got around to moving, watching the firs getting darker. Then Mary said, "Where did the storm stop? Over New Bristol?" I just nodded. The cat came over, jumped up on the window sill, and sat there blinking back at us.

"I had a letter from Leah Elder today. They're all fine up there. She says Bill's doing fine. They miss us. Bill sent a note along, do you want to read it now?"

I said I wasn't hungry, just tired; so I thought I'd go to bed. I'd read the letter in the morning.

The Editor's Page

ELLEN METZ and I had fun listening to ballads and folk songs in preparation for the article, "Blues, Burl Ives and a Zither." The library has a very good collection of these records. For your own pleasure, you ought to go over and listen to them on the vic in the recreational reading room. . . . JOANNE McLEAN's "Mr. Laughing Man" was written for writing work shop last year. When it was read, there was a lengthy discussion as to whether it was an allegory or not. Jeanne said it was written because she really had seen such a little man who laughed and laughed, but the class persuaded her it was intended to be an allegory. Consequently, she says it now should be read as such . . . The "Sea Turtle" is another of FARLEY's poems showing her interest in critters. Even without fully understanding "Energy Colors," the reader can immediately sense the intense mood that is often characteristic of compact modern poetry . . . All four of the stories are essentially interested in problems of difficulties of personality. "Ribbons" is about a very young girl's adolescence . . . KITTY QUICK's "Prelude and Finale" is a study of weakness, and PAT HUNSINGER's "Party" portrays a girl who would feel alien at any party—not just the one she attended. "The Storm," by RUTH SMITH, a sectional story in that the locale could be none other than rural New England, is about a man who felt the world was against him . . . The double page of photography with familiar quotations was planned by DAVILLA SMITH. She also arranged the spread's make-up.

The aim of the CORADDI, as has often been said, is to publish the best of what is written on campus. This, apparently, is it. The stories are scarce—and the majority of them are in an obviously rough condition. Two poems, both by the same person, and a sketch complete the literary picture. Another fact to be noticed is that the whole issue is completely made up of work done by the staff. There are no outside contributions. *This is deplorable.* We are here to put out a magazine, not necessarily to write it also. It was said in the spring '49 issue that we, as a staff, like the CORADDI and we wanted the campus to like it too. We wanted the campus to say "OH! THE CORADDI," not "OH! THE CORADDI." But this must work two ways. In order to put out such a magazine, we first need an adequate supply of material to judge from. Is such pleading necessary? Is there no more creative output or interest on campus than this?

M. U. E.

Prelude and Finale

(Continued from Page 8)

ing at the programme, wondering, too. But . . . she walked off the stage.

"Where are you going?" Rodman grasped her arm.

"It's all right, I just forgot what came next. Now I remember. Beethoven's 'Appassionata.'" She twisted away from him, and he looked after her. She looked back at him, and then she understood all about Grand-

father. He regretted his decision, maybe she would regret hers, but right then she was certain of everything. The music flowed strong and sure, and beautiful. She floated away in it, and did not think of any problem because she was sure. The music she could make was hers. The music seemed to whirl her around and far away from the audience.

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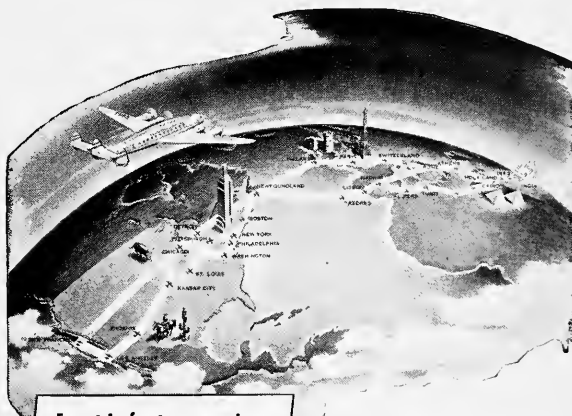
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